

In IMITATION of HORACE,

BOOK I. EPISTLE IV.

TELL me, thou kindest critic of my lays,
 What now employs your busy hours at *Aix*?
 Whether, MACARTNEY, in the lofty verse,
 The martial deeds of heroes you rehearse?
 Or, musing pensive, in some lonely bow'r,
 You hear * the silence of the midnight hour?

THOU art not form'd, my friend, of lifeless clay;
 To eat, to drink, and sleep your hours away:
 To thee, the goodness of all bounteous Heaven,
 A form complete, a fertile wit has given.
 That, too, has taught you wisely to employ
 The good it gave, and all its sweets enjoy.

CAN the fond mother greater bliss desire,
 For her dear son, than youthful wit and fire:
 Whose tongue the mind's conception can express:
 With judgment blest, and a polite address.
 Fortune, enough, a name by all admir'd;
 With perfect health, and by the Muse inspir'd.

LET not fond HOPE thy easy breast inflame;
 To-morrow, all shall perish, but thy name.
 Such thoughts embrace; then, if to-morrow's thine,
 To thee, with double lustre shall it shine.

HERE, when proud Gallia's fertile soil you've view'd,
 And thro' the *Latian* plains your path pursu'd,
 Here, dear MACARTNEY, thou a friend shalt see,
 Who courts the Muses, to come nearer thee.

C. J. FOX.

HOLLAND HOUSE, APRIL 4. 1762.

* He listen'd to it above a year ago; one may, therefore, reasonably conclude, that by this time he can hear it.